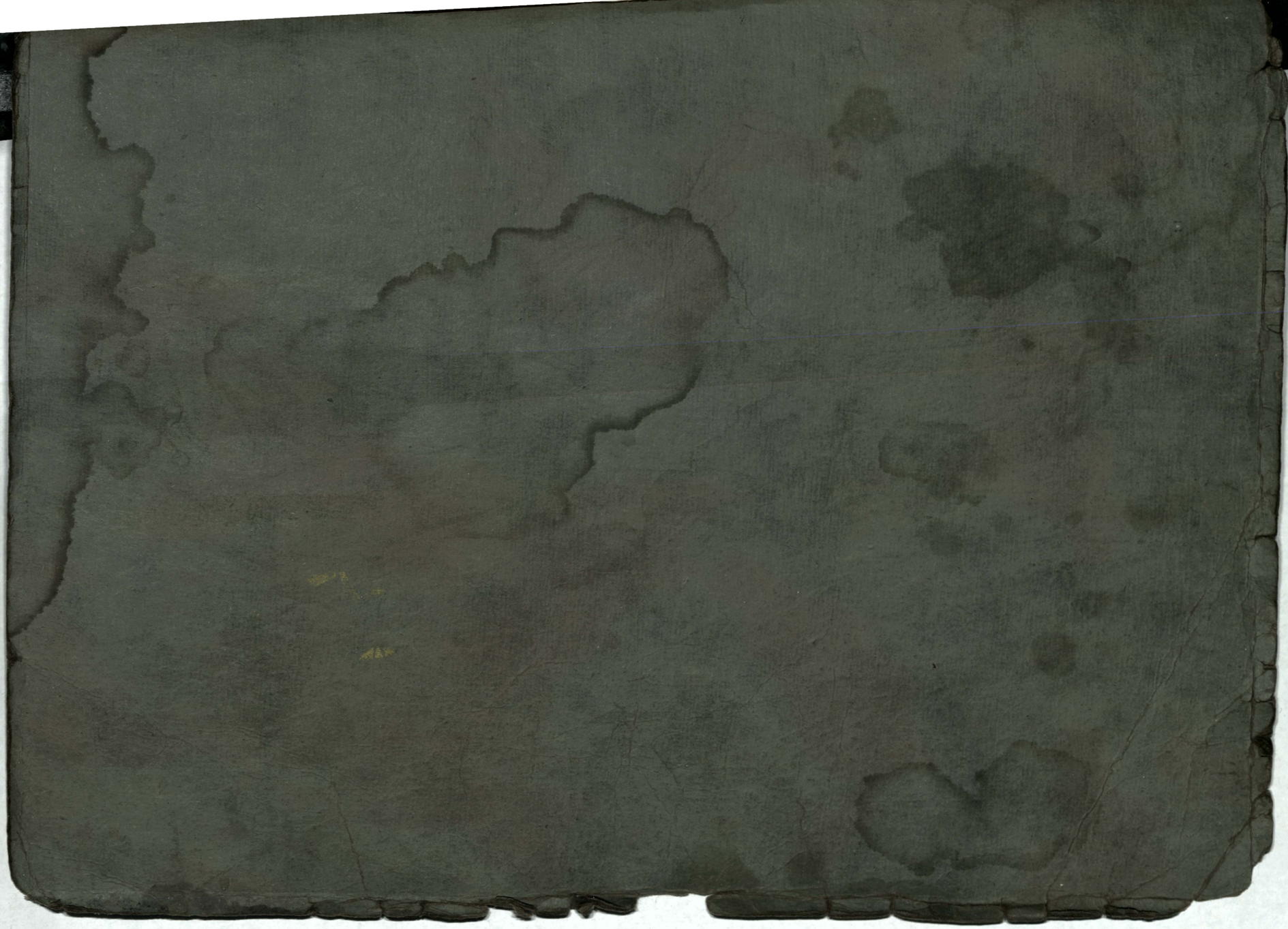
THE CHAT



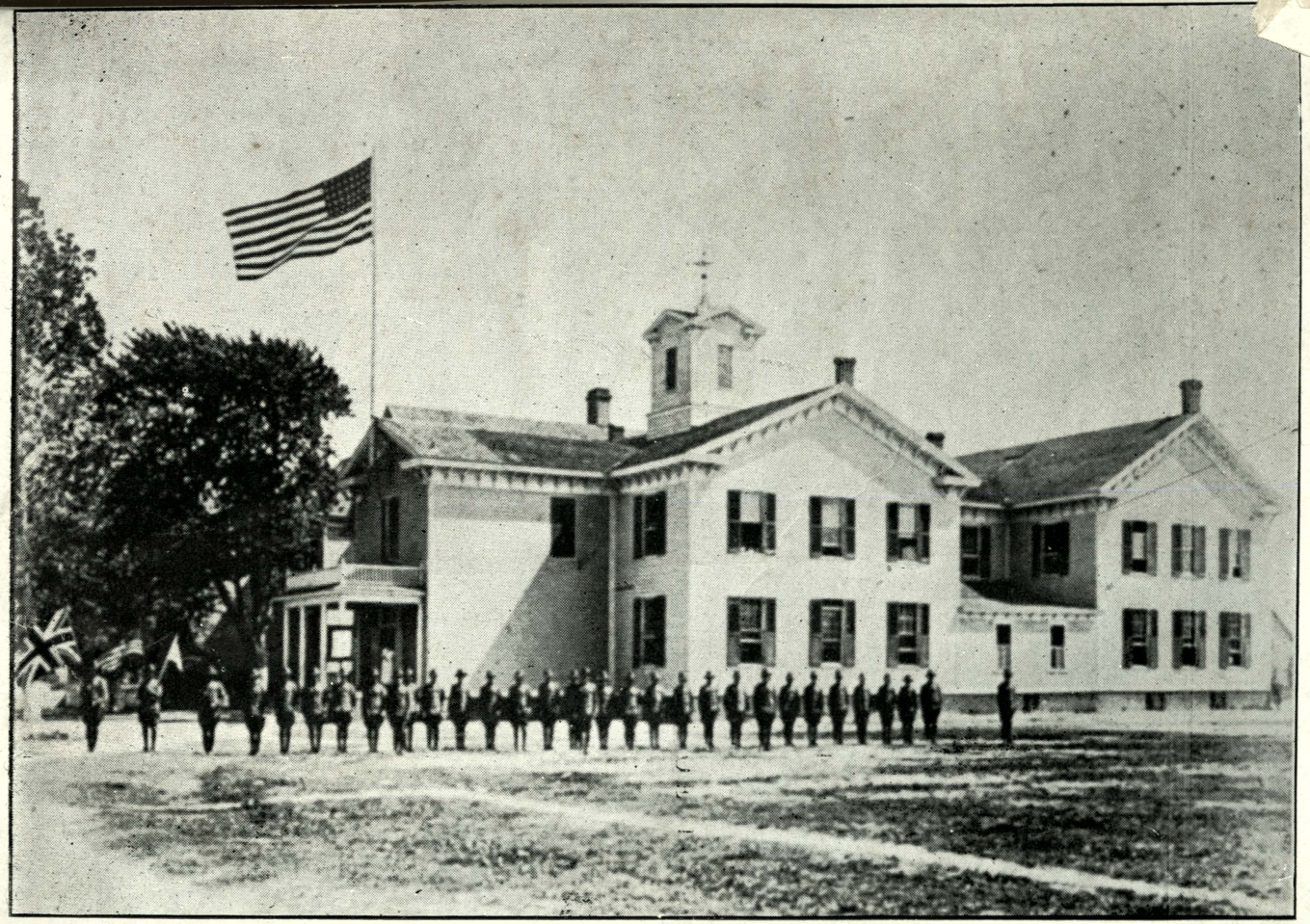
The Chat

A YEAR BOOK

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1921

OF THE

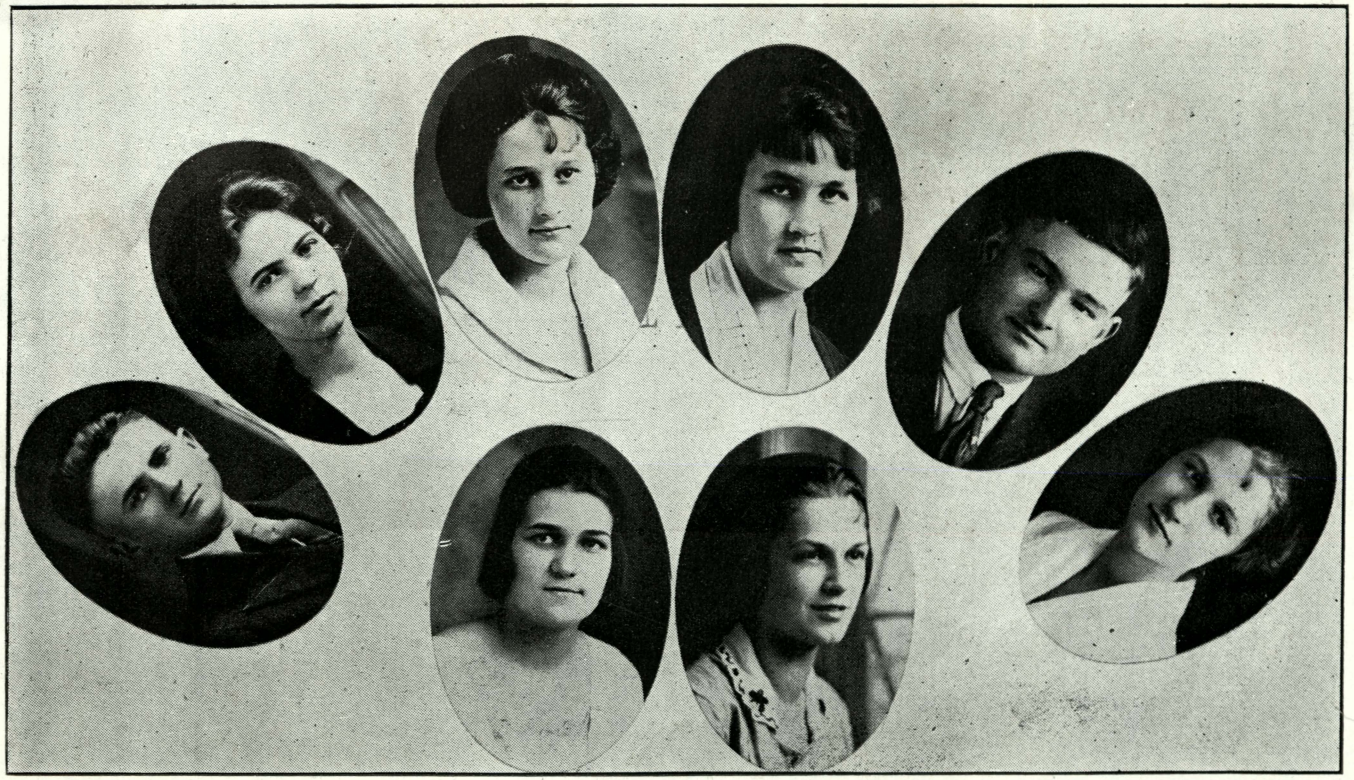
POCOMOKE HIGH SCHOOL



Pocomoke High School

Dedication

To our Beloved History Teacher, Miss Wilson, who worked patiently and faithfully with the Editors and who contributed so generously to the success of our Monthly and our Year Book.



Editorial Board

CYNTHIA BLAINE - - - - Editor-in-Chief
PORTIA ALDERMAN - - - - Literary Editor
WALTER BROMLEY - - - - Athletic Editor
LILLIAN BOWLAND - - - Humorous Editor

EARL TOWNSEND - - Ass't. Humorous Editor
SARA SCOTT - - - - Business Manager
ELIZABETH TULL - - - Exchange Editor
BERTIE MERRILL - - Circulation Manager

Editorial

With the beginning of the Year 1920-1921 the Senior Class decided to carry on the series of P. H. S. Monthlies. Because of the fact that our school was, for some months, without a head, the task seemed extremely difficult. But cheerful willingness, hearty co-operation, patience, and tireless effort always spell "SUCCESS" and this case was no exception.

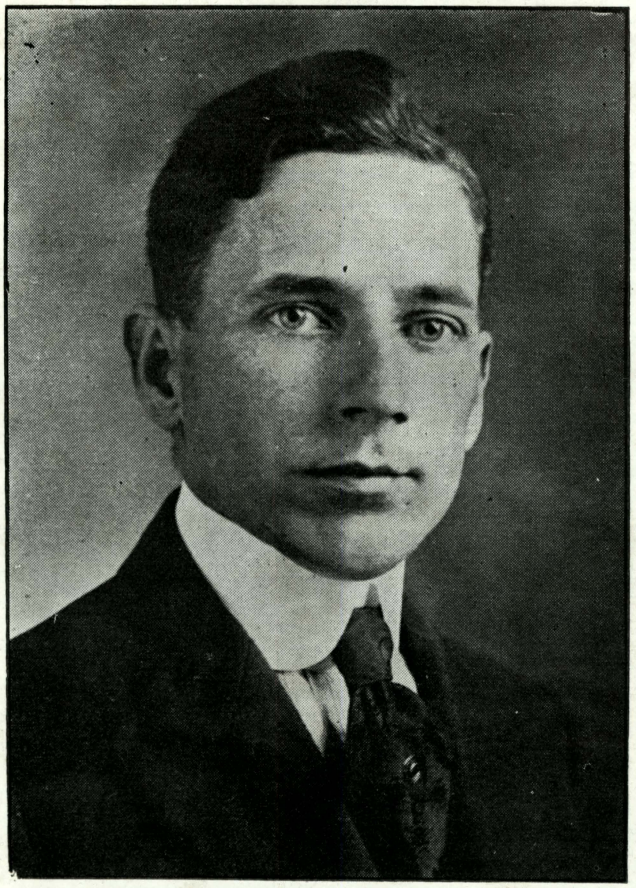
Because of the hearty support given the editorial board, it was decided to issue the last number of the Monthly as a Year-Book; a feat never before attempted by Pocomoke High School. We trust this venture will be received with some measure of the enthusiasm which has made it possible.

To the contributors is due much credit. Each little article sent in for the paper was a help. Perhaps it was a bit of poetry, a short story, or some longer article—but each had its place in the importance of the paper.

Slackers have been very few among us; broken promises rare; tardiness not often. Therefore, we wish to extend to all those who helped us our heartiest appreciation.

The Commercial boys are seldom thought of in connection with arranging and preparing material for the Monthly. However, much of the real work fell upon those who had the typewriting to do. Faithfully they worked to sustain and stand back of the Editors and contributors.

And to you, the town people, our advertisers, and subscribers, we give our last word of thanks. Be just as kind to the incoming Senior Class and support them as you have supported us.



K. W. EUTSLER, Principal

Names of Faculty

K. W. EUTSLER, A. B., Principal

EVELYN GARDNER,, A. B.
English

ANNIE MERRILL
Asst. English

MARY DAVY, A. B.
Science

IDA BELLE WILSON
History

H. F. GILBERT
Mathematics and French

EDITH STEVENSON
Commercial

GLADYS GORDY
Latin

MAUDE GRAHAM
Manual Training

ETHEL DIX
Domestic Science

MRS. M. CALLAHAN
Assistant

MISS WILSON, Class Adviser

Class Roll

ACADEMIC

Portia Matilda Alderman
Cynthia Primrose Blaine
Mary Bounds
Lillian Evans Bowland
Mildred Virginia Cluff
Loleta Gillispie
Mae Elizabeth McAllister
Bertha Elizabeth Merrill
Sarah Miller
Sara Margaret Scott
Jessie Elizabeth Tull
Ethel Lee Ward
Evelyn Whyte
Charlotte Amelia Young
Walter Davis Bromley
Malcolm George Matthews
William Harrison Merrill
Earl Francis Townsend

COMMERCIAL

Sara Anne Armstrong
Beatrice Eleanor Fisher
Helen Virginia Hancock
Dora Mae Harris
Myra Elizabeth Messick
Annie Northam
Frederick Logan Bull
Lester Henry Bunting
Francis Powell Cluff
George Walter Evans
Earl Francis Townsend
A. Hartley Stevens, Jr.

CLASS MOTTO

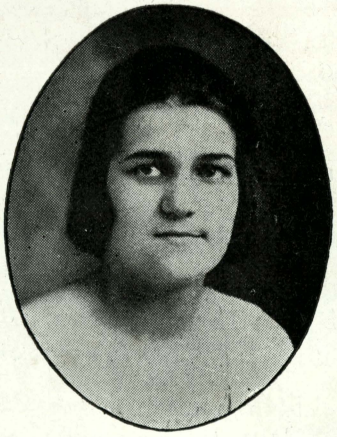
Ad Astra Per Aspera

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and Orange

CLASS FLOWER

Brown-eyed Susans



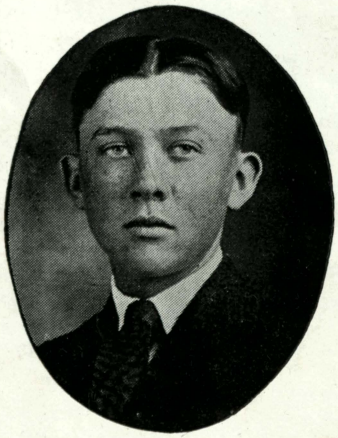
PORTIA ALDERMAN, "Pu"

Here is little Pu, the smallest of all,
Her chief aim in life is to try to grow tall,
Pu is an "all-round" sport.
Often she can be seen on the Volley Ball court,
Talking about brains, she has a plenty,
And soon she will take her place in the world with money.

SARA ARMSTRONG

"A cheerful heart is a good medicine."

Amiable, determined, capable and sweet
Indeed Sara is hard to beat.
Though most of us are frivolous and gay,
She always advances in her even way.



LESTER BUNTING

"Slow but sure."

Lester—slow he may be,
But just wait and see,
How in baseball he will shine
And make one of the championships nine.
"Blessed be the man who invented sleep!"

CYNTHIA BLAINE, "Cyn"

"Thou art not voice alone, but have both heart and head."

Cyn is a maid with historical mind,
Her match in history is hard to find.
The foot-lights too, she oft does grace
In the Hall of Fame we shall see her face.

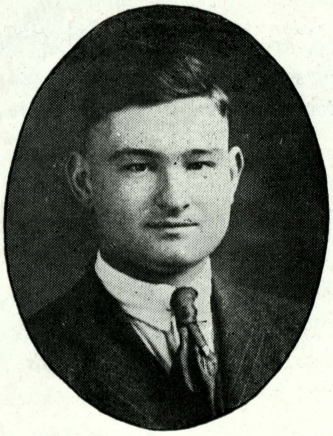
LILLIAN BOWLAND, "Lill"

Civilized men can not live without her.

This little miss doesn't seem bashful a bit,
With all the boys she makes a hit,
At the dressmaker's she likes to stay,
And for this purpose skips many periods per day.
Dances she does adore and talks about them forever more.

MARY BOUNDS

Mary—Well she is hard to describe,
But, oh, how she sticks to that alto voice with pride,
When the wind blows from a different direction,
We wonder if Mary has for us some correction.



WALTER BROMLEY

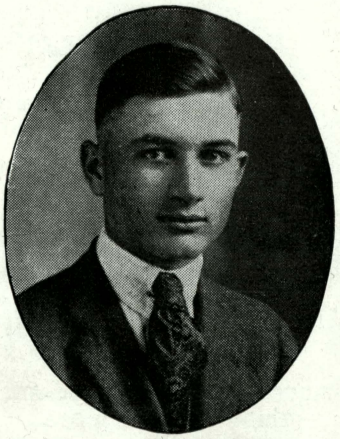
Go to Bromley he will tell you.

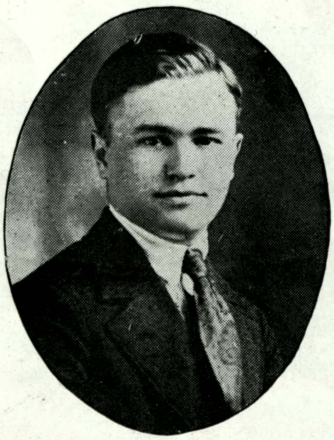
His determination has won him recognition on the field and in the class room. He can give you some very valuable pointers on most any subject. "Girls"—this is his latest study and we confess we were surprised to find this sober, dignified personage interested in anything so gay.

FRED BULL

He has the one great quality of excellence—stability.

And who is it that typewrites so well,
Why it is Fred, let the monthly give a yell.
For faithfully he did work,
And no duty did you ever see him shirk.





MAURICE BRITTINGHAM

"He that questioneth much shall learn much."

Maurice Brittingham — a singular character and a strong personality. He never forgets his work but he takes his fun along with his work.

FRANCIS CLUFF

Jolly good nature and much sympathy has he.

To get a good laugh just go to Francis Cluff

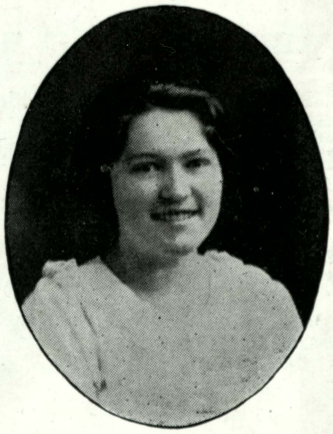
'Cause no one ever saw him when he was in a huff.

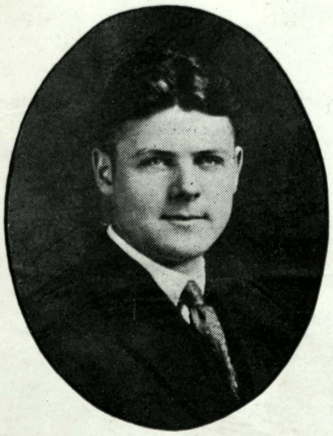
Kindly good nature with always a smile.

MILDRED CLUFF

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling.

Mildred is a wonder, that we surely know.
She never makes a blunder, and is not fast or slow.
And for Mildred's weakness we have searched in vain,
For she has proper meekness, is dignified and sane.
Perhaps, she needs some exercise—gymnastic stunts to do;
At least that is what we advise, to make her graceful, too.

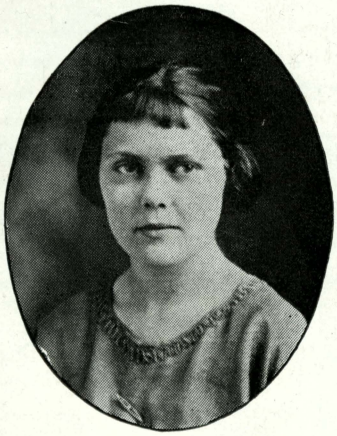




WALTER EVANS

"Fraternity is not my long suit."
A gentle being devoid of any girls.
"Love makes fools of us all."

What a wonderful piece of mechanism is "Jerry." He can do anything. He is a star athlete, an adept business man, a society expert and even a songster. Of late Pocomoke society has caught him in the whirl and threatens to engulf him. The once staid and quiet little "Jerry" has become a monster over whom women rant and the "femmes" rave.



LOLETA GILLESPIE, "Leta"

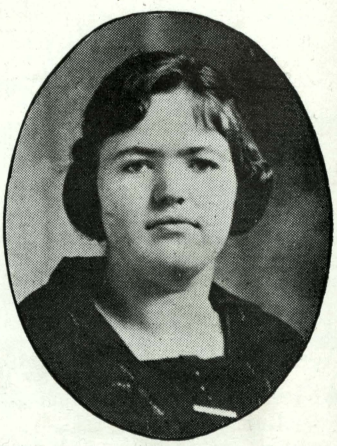
We grant though she had much wit she was very shy of using it.

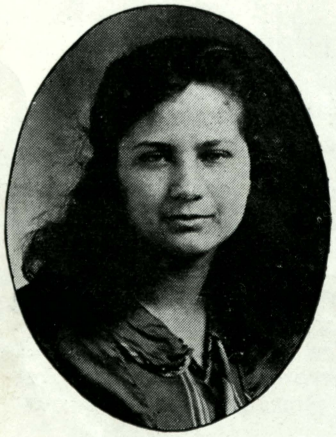
Loleta is athletic—in basket ball she shines,
And in the field of Volley, and many other lines,
Loleta is an "all round" sport, she's in for all the fun;
The kind that does most everything,
She's always, always on the run.

HELEN VIRGINIA HANCOCK

Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?

Helen is, and upon this we all agree,
An unusual genius such as one does not often see.
In English and History she does set the pace
And the poor pupils have to hurry to reach the lucky place.





MAE McALLISTER

Polly—Polly is one of the greatest girls in the Senior Class. She is one of the kind who pays strict attention to her own affairs and she is one of the most conscientious French students, but let her once be aroused then she exhibits a fiery spirit such as one would hardly think so mild an exterior could conceal.

WILLIAM MERRILL

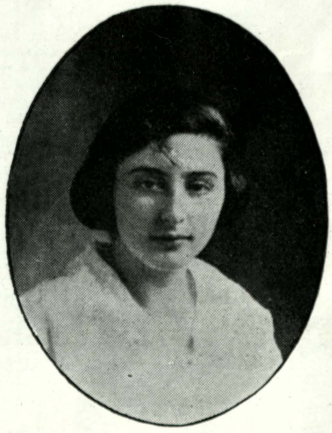
Who chooseth me shall gain what many girls desire.

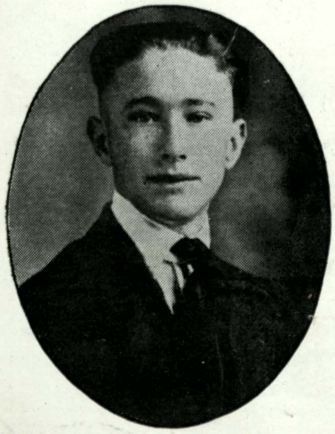
Bill is another of those quiet boys with a personality all his own. Can do good work when so **inclined.** His chief hobby?—Why, teasing. But after all there cannot be found a truer friend or more faithful classman.

SARAH JANE MILLER, "Milly"

Gentle and true, single and kind was she.

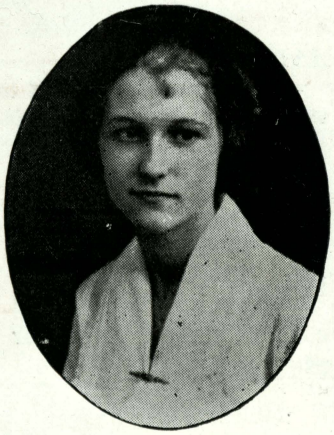
Here is a maid of historical mind,
Her peer in history is hard to find.
The fame of others she never will covet.
Ready to help and ready to lend,
Whatever is needed by stranger or friend.





MALCOLM MATTHEWS, "Mac"

Speaking of good sports! He's one. Considered so by both girls and boys. He is surprisingly agreeable at all times —this characteristic has made him extremely popular, and the best part of it is he is not spoiled—yet. How does it feel, Mac?



BERTIE MERRILL

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."

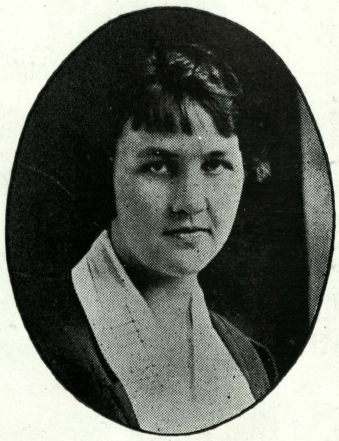
Bert is indeed a winsome maid. She is not as quiet as she seems or as bashful as she looks, for no one could bang away at the piano day after day, night after night possessing only those qualities. She is always in good humor and has a smile for every one.

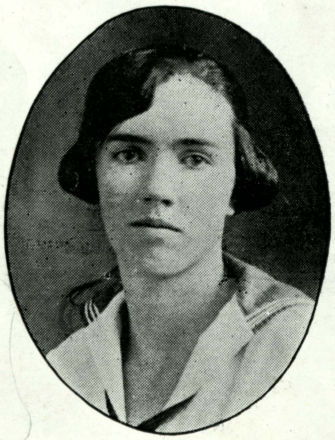
SARA SCOTT

"A wee, wee, winsome being."

Scotty takes school with the seriousness which if indulged in by the rest of us, would drive the faculty to their wits end.

"To know her leaves nothing to be said—Not to know her proves yourself to be unknown."





HELEN TILGHMAN

As shy and modest as the violet is Helen. It is usually well to watch carefully these shy, shrinking girls, they often steal a march on their bolder friends. But Helen we trust implicitly, she has no such designs.

ELIZABETH TULL

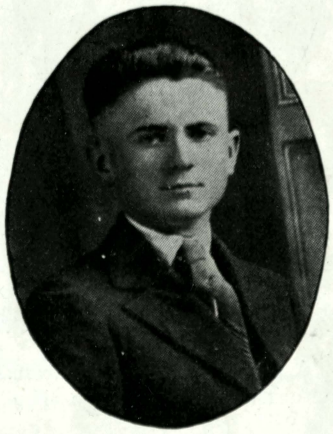
"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

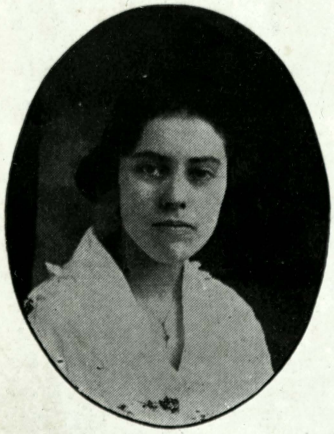
Her feet just won't keep still;
When once she hears those fox trot strains.
About about in reel and rant! Liz trips it gaily,
We wonder how she stops enough to do her lessons daily.
In sooth she is a happy soul,
Her only fault—day-dreaming.
We may not be exactly sure,
But we can guess the meaning.

EARL TOWNSEND

"Here and there, everywhere, Earls' wit—It fills the air."

"It takes a wise man to be a fool".
And Earl is no exception to this rule,
For laughing fun and ready wit,
He is the very one for it.

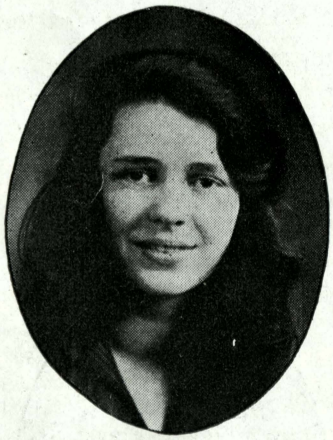




ETHEL WARD

"And rank for her meant duty."

So capable and quiet is she. She makes us wild "harum-scarums" hide our faces in shame. We would all do well to imitate the ladylike dignity of manner which distinguishes her from others.



EVELYN WHITE, "Micky"

Farewell! I'll grow a talker for this year.

Micky tho' quiet she may be,
Will linger long in our memory.
We could listen to her the live-long day,
When the violin bow she did sway.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG

A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice.

Oh! that we all might develop the art
Of never a worry or never a frown,
Through everything we could take our part.
Charlotte goes through life with a golden crown.

History

What expectations and hopes accompanied the Class of '21 on its joyous march out of grammar school into High School in September 1917! We, now High School Freshmen, (how lofty it sounded then) were full of good resolutions, and a determination to make our High School career a successful one; the Class of '21 a long remembered one.

We all had in our inmost hearts decided to adopt the slogan: "En avant" (forward). Along with these commendable feelings was entertained one far more obvious, an important, yes a self-satisfied feeling. This feeling was natural, in this respect we were no exception to the rule. Then too did we not have cause for conceit? Were we not soon recognized as a class with a great amount of initiative—well able to go ahead on its own "hook" in fact beyond the control of dear, conscientious, teachers who considered this surplus amount of initiative expended in the wrong direction. What if we did exercise this talent in a slightly mischievous way, does it not require a clever person to plot mischief?

Even though we did not startle the school that first year by any brilliant conquests we know that we were a much talked of class in the faculty meetings. By the way, not only did the faculty talk of us; we were honored by receiving particular mention from one of the officials of the State Board of Education. Now as for what he said—Oh, well,—we prefer not to tell that—we'll permit you to think that it was something nice.

The next year brought the class together with few changes. The second year in high school is dull and uninteresting in comparison with the first year, anyway we soon found it so. Now that we were no longer freshies more was required of us, new responsibilities were placed upon our shoulders. We were not capable of realizing that without various obligations came additional privileges somewhat different, more worthwhile than those enjoyed in the previous year.

Then too, this year experienced the terrible "flu" epidemic. The school year was broken into and teachers and pupils alike were forced to work untiringly in an effort to make up lost time. This was accomplished satisfactorily and it was with a relieved sigh that we realized we had made our second year.

School days pass quickly indeed and in September 1919 suddenly and joyously found ourselves stately Juniors. Did we not fairly strut, so important were we in our own eyes? Were we not Juniors? Was not this the year of classpins, pennants, pillows and the long anticipated Junior-

Senior Reception? We admired the Seniors very much but pitied them also, when we thought that it would be all over for them in a short while and we would take their place and do many wonderful things that they had not done. (This is what we **thought.)**

All of our studies were sources of particular pleasure and benefit to us in the third year. We had been told continuously by our teachers and parents what value an education would be to us and now as we realized that they were right we applied ourselves, determining anew to make our four years of High School successful ones. As the very trite saying goes, "There are always some exceptions to the rule." Sad to state this proved true in our case. Some of us failed to realize the advantages to be gained from a High School education and dropped out of the game, others fought to win.

It was with strange feelings and emotions that we gathered together in the fall of 1920. We were Seniors—we had reached the top—were we going to remain at the top or would we slowly slide downward? It was up to us. With this realization there came into our minds a recollection of our first year motto—"En avant." We decided that it would be well to keep those words in mind during the year.

We experienced the greatest sorrows of our young lives when we lost our dearly beloved principal, Mr. Fontaine at the beginning of this, our last year. We were forced to make the best of things, and the more optimistic persons tried to console themselves with the thought that our loss meant someone else's gain. Sad comfort, indeed. After many endeavors to find the right person for the vacancy our efforts were rewarded when Mr. Eutsler our present principal came to us. Mr. Eutsler has taken hold of things in such a way as to win the respect of us all and his kind and interested attitude towards us has won for him our affections.

In spite of great disappointments, vexations and failures of various sorts which come in a seemingly larger portion than do pleasure and success, we with one accord declare our Senior year a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten one. I will enumerate here a few of the year's most important events. In January our boys made us unspeakably proud when they won the Eastern Shore championship in Soccer, of course the boys of '21 did not do this alone but then we like to share our triumphs. In order to show our appreciation to our boys we gave them a party at school. We were able to give, under the supervision of the teachers, a party that everyone enjoyed to the fullest extent, and that all declared a rousing success. We had real fun at this affair.

In connection with the Soccer boys we think of our Volley ball girls, although they did not win any brilliant victories they did try mighty hard for the county championship and we are proud of them for their efforts.

Another memorable victory befell us when we won the interschool debate, Pocomoke High School being the only school to win both sides. Of the four girls chosen to debate, three of them were from the Class of '21.

The operetta was next in order; this musical affair was the first one of its kind ever presented by pupils of our school. It was not strictly a class event by any means, but it was given during our senior year and the majority of us took part in it. The school play this year was one of Sheridan's most delightful ones, "The School for Scandal." Everyone thoroughly enjoyed his part in this widely read, true to life, selection. Through the entire year we met with success in our efforts to publish a High School Monthly. We were so successful that we attempted to convert the last issue of our paper into a Year Book of which we are very proud, for the Class of '21 is the first one to initiate this idea.

Here we would like to take an unlimited amount of space and in it try to express to our teachers our appreciation for all that they have done to make our High School course a profitable one, full of many joys and pleasures. As our attempt could be but a poor one, for it is impossible to say in words what we feel, we must content ourselves by saying with all our heart, "Thank you." We will always remember you as kind, helpful friends.

In view of what we have accomplished and of the record we have made through High School, are not we, members of the Class of '21, glad that we kept in mind our slogan "En avant?"

First Aid Class—P. H. S.—1921

First Aid Course---P. H. S. 1921

The First Aid Course in real meaning gives to the pupils of the high school an effective weapon for enabling them to meet and combat slight injuries which are everyday occurrences. It does not attempt to give a thorough course in treating hurts, bruises, and the like; it does not take the place of a doctor's course—but it does teach some of the essential home remedies and treatments that may be used without a doctor's aid. "What to do before the doctor comes" might be applied to such a course.

For nothing can be of more importance than the care of injured persons and a knowledge of how to meet emergencies calmly and effectively. The course was, in many ways, a bit hard. Concentrated effort was required and a willingness to persevere. But its close connection with everyday life and its appeal as a necessity made one feel that the required labor was well used and would be in turn rewarded.

Miss Dix and Dr. Sartorius by their labors caused the class to greatly enjoy its first aid work. Dr. Sartorius' lectures were highly appreciated and they were of much importance in the course, as he was speaking not only from theorem but also from practice.

Then, let the Seniors of 1920-1921 be grateful for help that they have received in pursuing this study and appreciate the fact that they are luckier than many high schools which do not have this same advantage.

Prophecy

It is well that to but few is given the power to penetrate the veil which conceals the future, since the revelation imposes a burden none can carry without pain.

Yet, in beholding the future of the class of 1921, the class prophet experiences nothing but pleasure, for adown the vista of the years is seen the ultimate success of each member. Their shining way, touched by just enough shadow to enhance appreciation of the light, is one along which all pass unfalteringly and unafraid.

There is but one danger: Vivulgence of that which she so clearly sees may cause some to rush too eagerly forward, neglecting the opportunities of the present. This, and this alone, can prevent the fulfillment of this prophecy, for upon the improvement of the present hangs the success of the future.

Warning my classmates against making this possible mistake, the disclosure of coming events as seen by one upon whom the mysterious gift of prophecy has but recently been bestowed, now follows:

The Vision.

In the perfectly appointed livingroom of her apartments on Riverside Drive, New York, Sara Armstrong, one of the most artistic interior decorators of the metropolic, and her friend, Bertha Merrill, whose musical compositions are known the world over, are enjoying the week-end together.

"I've invited Sara Scott and Mildred Cluff over, too," the hostess is saying, "but they are so in love with those precious pupils of their's that they can't be coaxed away from their school for an hour, let alone a day or two."

"Sorry," replies Bert, "I had hoped to hear from them confirmation of the stories of the wonderful results they are accomplishing by the application of their idealistic theories. Their School of Personality is said to be one of the best in existence."

"They are working hard to make it that," declares Sara. "By the way, have you heard that Mae MacAllister, who won unstinted praise from both physicians and patients alike while a nurse at Johns Hopkins, is to hold a position of great responsibility in the new department of welfare inaugurated at Washington lately?"

"No, I had not heard it, but I'm glad," answers Bert. "She's to be congratulated, surely. And so is her old chum, Helen Hancock. I've been reading a whole lot about her lately. She has traveled extensively it seems, and has written several stories of travel and adventure which are receiving favorable comment from literary critics."

"Well, well!" exclaims Sara, "I don't have time to read a great deal, but the other day while taking a contract to refurnish the Fifth Avenue residence of Sarah Miller, I learned that Ethel Ward is achieving fame as an author too. She went in for Science in her college days, you know, and has become an authority on floriculture. Sarah has a plant propagated by Ethel in her conservatory."

"Sarah Miller's conservatory?" incredulously questions Bert.

"Why, yes. Didn't you hear that when she was working on that statue which brought her into public notice and insured her success as a sculpturess, she met and married a millionaire?"

"And now she has jewels, and cars, and boxes at the theaters, and servants, and everything, I suppose?"

"Uh-huh," affirms Sara. "It doesn't spoil her a bit, either."

"Some persons can stand prosperity. There's Malcolm Matthews and Mary Bounds, for instance. Fame hasn't swelled their heads a little bit. They're as unaffected as in the days when they appeared in our little class operetta at the Empire theater, in Pocomoke. And he's the highest paid tenor in America, while Mary is unquestionably the best contralto."

"Cynthia is like that, too," adds Bert. "I wonder how many of her hearers the night she took the lead in 'O Hara San' ever thought she would some day rank with the greatest sopranos of her time?"

"I don't suppose she did, herself," answers Sara. "It's strange how the world goes. There's Evelyn White. She's one of the leading attractions on Broadway. Many say she excels her predecessor, Pavlowa, in interpretative dancing. We thought she'd be a violinist, you remember?"

"Yes, and we took it for granted Earl Townsend would be a farmer, and here he is an actor, playing to packed houses right along! Such comedians as he are benefactors of mankind. It does the world good to laugh at innocent, pure fun, I think, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," responds Sara, as she rises to meet the maid who comes in with the mail which the postman has just left. "The Pocomoke Journal!" she exclaims delightedly, removing the wrapper. "And look at this cover design by Charlotte Young. Isn't it a dream?"

"That it is," says Bert, evincing her admiration by one of her familiar little squeals. "Whee! who would have thought Charlotte's penchant for brushes would have led her into the field of art?"

"Not I," said Sara, "but she's one of the finest illustrators in the U. S. A. today."

Opening the magazine, a thoroughly first class publication, ranking in excellence with the American Magazine of 1921, they read the front page editorial, an inspiration article of merit, signed by Maurice Brittingham.

"Good stuff," commends Sara.

"Must be," concludes Bert, "I see he writes for several other periodicals too."

"Yes, and Portia Alderman is coming into prominence by means of her pen," says Sara as they turn the page. "Here's a poem of hers now."

Eagerly reading the lines of exquisite beauty, they look at each other in silent sanction of the sentiment expressed.

Passing to the photogravures of persons of note, they contemplate with interest those of the following:

Loleta Gillespie, world renowned originator of woman's fashions whose establishments in the largest cities of America and of Europe are patronized by the wealthy class of both continnents.

Lillian Bowland, the famous lecturer whose vivid personality and convincing logic win thousands to espouse whatever cause she advocates.

Walter Bromley, Athletic Director of the University of Maryland, whose original and result-getting methods are fast winning for him national recognition as a top-notcher in his line.

Elizabeth Tull, emotional actress of international repute, whose rendition of Shakespearian roles places her as a star among stars.

Walter Evans, brilliant lawyer, whose power makes him the dread of his opponents and the pride of his profession.

Francis Cluff and Fred Bull, organizers and promoters of the Farmers' Combine of the Eastern Shore, known in financial circles as men of integrity and regarded generally as the protectors of the agricultural interests of the Peninsula.

Helen Tilghman, the artist whose works are winning favorable comment from the severest art critics and who, it is rumored, bids fair to eventually occupy a place in the Hall of Fame.

And, finally, William Merrill, whose string of stores extends throughout the South where he is known as a man of sterling qualities, exemplifying in his trade relations the teachings of the Golden Rule.

"One would think The Journal was edited by the editor of our old class 'Monthly' away back there in the old school days in Pocomoke, by the space given members of the class of '21," declares Sara.

"It's a great number, anyway," champions Bert, as she closes the magazine.

As they rise, laying the magazine aside, the vision of the future fades.

The impenetrable curtain falls.

The present alone is ours.

H. V. H.

Current Events Club—May, 1920

Soccer 1920-21

A "Champion Team"—What does it mean? Does it mean a team that has gone through the season with flying colors and finished at the top? Yes, it means that, but more than that. Not only to win games, but to win them fairly and squarely, to play honestly, and as hard as you can from whistle to whistle. A team that is afraid to lose a game, and so afraid to lose it that they win it—that is the kind of Soccer Team that P. H. S. had in 1921.

The boys started practicing early in the season with Walter Bromley, Captain, and John Ennis and Earl Townsend, Business Managers. Seeing the enthusiasm of the boys for the game, Chief Whitman, a public spirited citizen, and a man who had played soccer in this country and in Europe, offered to coach. Under his able leadership, P. H. S. developed a splendid soccer team.

By Thanksgiving, the usual date for the end of soccer tournaments, Pocomoke had won the county banner, and the team was in such good condition that it was decided to try for Eastern Shore Championship.

Somerset County was easily disposed of in two games with Crisfield, and attention was turned to the northern counties. A great victory was scored over Hurlock at Salisbury, and on Friday, January 22, the game which decided the Eastern Shore pennant was played at Gordy Park, Salisbury.

In the final game of the Eastern Shore series, the Denton team, which had downed all opposition in Queen Anne, Caroline, and Talbot Counties, put up a stiff fight, but the determination and clever work of the Pocomoke boys won the game with a 2 to 1 score.

Even the most modest could not but feel a thrill of pride at this victory and every one was keyed to the highest degree of enthusiasm over the State Championship, which was played off in Baltimore with Sparrows Point, the winner of the Western Shore title.

The game was played at Paterson Park grounds, Friday, Jan. 29, and although the Pocomoke team put up a stiff fight the score is now athletic history—and is on the wrong side for P. H. S.

The 1921 Soccer Team has much to be proud of for it put P. H. S. on the map in athletics and Pocomoke set a splendid goal for other teams to follow.

Winners—E. S. Soccer Championship

A Dream of the Volley Ball Team

There were eight of us beaming,
Sunburned, and freckled faced girls
Waiting on the pier we stood there dreaming
About when we would sail from here,
For to Baltimore, you know,
The Volley Ball Winners would go.

We saw the steamer coming
Far out over the waters blue,
The smoke was winding high up in the clouds,
Some tune each was humming,
For of the Volley Ball Championship we were all proud.

Soon we would be on our way to Baltimore
And there to be entertained at the Towson School,
Where the P. H. S. boys were entertained so well
Just the Fall before.
And now we were going away and have lots of things
To come home to tell.

But alas! It was all a dream,
A dream that will never come true to the girls of 1921,
We opened our eyes and found
That Snow Hill scored six more than we.
And now we saw the fate of the little Volley Ball Team
And no longer the little ship did we see.

MILDRED CLUFF '21.

Volley Ball Team

The Class of 1921

Never holding up the rear
Does Portia Alderman appear
Her brilliance places her at the head of the line,
From nothing does she ever decline.

Stepping at her heels, comes Cynthia Blaine
About whom, there is no need to explain,
For she will fill her place in the world,
No matter how great be the twirl.

Our thoughts to Mary Bounds now glide
Who, like the Pocomoke River tide
Is capable of changing in so short a while
And oft-times causes us all to smile.

But the girl that wears the smile always
Is the girl we see and hear every day.
To the boys she is Lil, to the girls Lillian,
Around the boys her tongue is never still,
If there be a million.

But the calamity of all that is worst,
The one that nearly causes us all to burst,
Is to see a certain boy have a cross eye,
The result of looking sidewise at Loleta Gillespie.

Helen Hancock's favorite pastime is studying history.
This seems to most of us a mystery,
Why consider happenings of bygone years,
That often, before a test, cause us to take refuge in tears.

Mae McAllister is one of Helen's chums,
A person never to be found grum,
Easy in her manner and quiet in her ways,
This seems to be her motto for all of her days.

But O My! When Bertie sees a mouse she will squeal,
A little innocent creature the boys never try to conceal
She hugs her teachers and schoolmates,
Flies down the stairs at rapid rates.

After Bertie, Sarah Miller comes,
One thinks they are running for sums,
It appears that their lungs have been tested,
After the testing they were rested.

But Sara Scott brags and blows,
Says she is afraid of neither mice nor crows,
Honors she will receive some day,
For from nothing does she ever run away.

A vamp is necessary for every class,
Along this line Elizabeth Tull can surpass,
Some say it is her beauty, others her ways,
The boys say "it is her smile like the sun's rays."

Sitting beside Elizabeth Tull in school is Ethel Ward,
Never thinks a lesson is too hard,
Or if it be so never complains,
For from duty she never refrains.

But of Evelyn Whyte this is not true
Because she believes as many others do,
Have a good time and lessons after,
Thinking most of objects that cause laughter.

Charlotte Young a new teacher can deceive,
Make them anything to believe
But wait until she gets out of the H. S. Walls,
She answers to all sportive calls.

Another one of our classmates is Sara Armstrong,
Seldom guilty of anything wrong;
To say she is not a sport would be untrue,
For she easily falls in line with anything new.

Helen Tilghman, one of our twenty-six,
Against too much work, never kicks.
Always of duty she thinks
And never an eye to a boy she winks.

Maurice Brittingham, a member of 1921,
Never allows a girl to get him on the run,
But let us all just wait,
He will soon quicken his gait.

No bother about girls, Bromley utters,
Of Athletics he mutters,
He was a Captain in Soccer,
In baseball, is to our opponents a shocker.

Matthews is a ladies' man,
By Cynthia's side he likes to stand,
If it were not for Hancock's store
Of gasoline, he would have to buy more.

Wm. Merrill has not the use of a car
But allows his dreams to go so far,
Takes his girl in distance of walking
When the late car arrives, there will be no balking.

Every class a humorist needs
Along this line Townsend leads,
Is an athlete as well,
When in a game, for him can be heard a yell.

Fred Bull has many accomplishments
For on him Lill and Miss Wilson pass compliments,
Can drive a car with brakes on,
Does not realize until in town how far he has gone.

Bunting will soon need glasses,
Because he gazes so hard at all the girls he passes,
Someone else has his old one,
He had better hustle or he will have none.

Relation, Walter Evans loves to claim,
We all wonder at what he aims,
For Miss Ethel's cousin he likes to be
And Bertie is her cousin, now we see.

Francis Cluff is the class tease,
Makes us fret and fease,
But let us wait and see,
We can some day have opportunity a teaser to be.

MILDRED CLUFF '21.

BANK OF SOMERSET

Princess Anne, Md.

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April 28, 1921-------- 1,051,863.56

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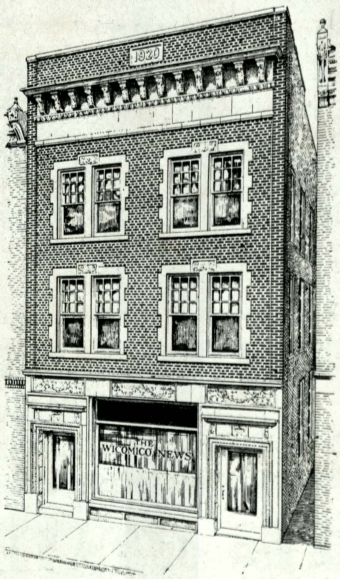

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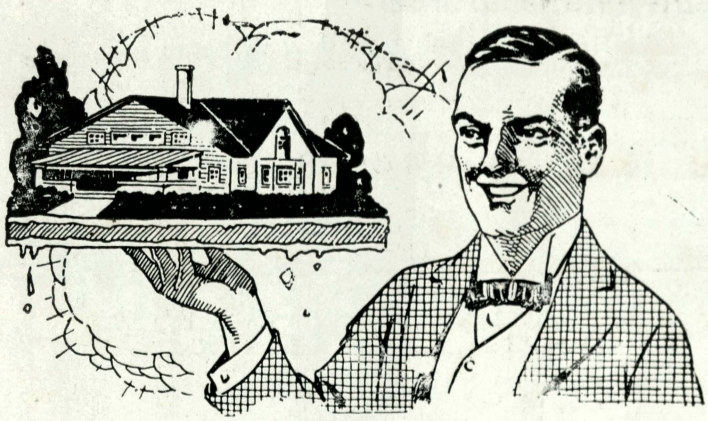

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1920-1921

Photo Poconoke River Bridge under construction 1920-21

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